to harm them. We resumed our journey at dawn of the following day, crossing successively woods and stretches of open country.

While crossing one of those woods I came upon one of the most touching scenes of savage life. Near one of those numerous brooks that wind their way everywhere, and that constitute the headwaters of the Cadereri, I met a young family. The head was no more than eighteen years old, and his companion was not over fifteen or sixteen, yet she already carried in her arms a child of a few months. They were accompanied by an old Indian woman. The faces and chests of the young couple had not yet been painted with the indelible dyes of the tribe; but the young woman, who had been bathing in the brook, had painted her face with urucu dye, which lent her a childlike attractiveness. This interesting couple, on seeing us pass, showed visible signs of surprise and alarm.

Tired as I was, and anxious to get to the end of the journey, it was not even possible for me to tarry a few minutes and have some friendly words with these poor savages; besides, the interpreter was not present at the time.

I would have liked, at least, to offer them a cloth with [80] which the two children -- mother and baby -- might ward off the burning rays of the sun during their journey across vast stretches of open country; but our men, rebellious like all Maué Indians, carried only what was strictly necessary for our own subsistence.

We have sketched here this touching scene in order to inspire sympathy for the poor savages, weighted down as they are with great misfortunes.

III

I arrive at the village of Necodemos. -- The Mundurucu offer me shelter and good hospitality.

After five days of incessant walking, counting from the spot where we had left our canoe at the headwaters of the Cadereri, we finally saw in the distance a column of smoke which rose from the maloca of Necodemos.

1: Tocantins--76 C-5 (1875) 1877 SQ13 Mundurucu SQ13
Brazilian Indians SL4

B
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The court found him guilty, and the poor boy is now carrying out his sentence in the penal institution of Bahia.

The other Indians immediately abandoned the trading post. It is now four years since they regained their freedom at a time when they least expected it, and the heroic child who broke their fetters lies forgotten in prison, away from his people, and not yet of age. [159]

XXIX

I return from the maloca of Necodemos to the headwaters of the Cadereri -- The cry of the anhangá -- Farewell.

M
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When the day of my departure finally came, I went from house to house and took leave of the inhabitants of Necodemos.

M
[411]

At this time thirteen Mundurucu, among them the boy who gave me the Parintintin head, seized their bows and arrows and prepared to go with me, although they had told me nothing of their decision. I must confess that I was not in the least eager to travel for eight days in the company of these barbarians through dense and deserted jungles; I was hoping instead that they would remain peacefully in their molaca.

I told them that I had no more flour or other supplies, and that it would be impossible for the twenty-odd men we would number to walk that far without provisions.

But this matter was of no concern to them; they merely prepared to take with them a few sweet potatoes, which at best would suffice for a frugal luncheon.

In fact I do not know exactly what these men ate during the journey. They were constantly hunting, catching birds and lizards and gathering wild fruits on which they fed.

M
[515]

Every once in a while we would come upon a limpid and delightful stream, and the savages never missed the opportunity to leap into the fresh waters, unfettered as they were with the task of undressing and dressing again. At night we would all gather at the sound of the horn, and we always stopped by a [160]

11: Murphy E-5 (1952-1953) 1958
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774 rather than directly from their immediate Brazilian neighbors. In our present
177 state of knowledge of the ethnology of the Amazon region, reliable reconstructions of such diffusion are most difficult.

774 In the preceding discussion of spirit mothers of game animals, it was mentioned
755 that the *putcha ši* avenges itself upon humans by stealing their souls. This is one
784 of the gravest afflictions that may befall a Mundurucú, and only the performance of a ceremony is sufficient to regain the soul of a stricken person; ordinary shamanistic curing techniques are inadequate. Men can lose their souls to the game through a variety of offenses. The insults to the game already described are the most common means of occasioning the anger of the spirit mothers. One can also lose his soul if he sits too close to a fire over which the head of a game animal is roasting, and he is struck by the optic fluid from an exploding eye. Another means of losing one's soul is to have adulterous relations with the wife of a member of the *Biu ši* (Mothers of the Tapir) society, which is responsible for impersonating the tapir during certain ceremonies. In these cases, the tapir robs the soul of the offending male. The members of the *Biu ši* society, themselves, are in danger of losing their souls during those ceremonies in which they perform. They must
● [515] be especially careful not to bathe in the streams during rituals, as the *taue ši*, or mother of the prego monkey, will surely steal their souls. To prevent this they bathe in the house from gourds.

Women may also lose their souls through offenses against the game, but since women do not hunt, this rarely occurs. However, a woman who bathes during her first menses or shortly after the birth of a child may have her soul taken by the jararaca snake. Either the large or small species of this reptile family robs the soul, depending on whether the woman is on land or in the water at that time. The jararaca turns the soul over to the tapir, and it begins the long journey described below.

774 The journey of the stolen soul is believed by the Mundurucú to be a terrifying and danger-fraught experience. Although the *putcha ši* is often spoken of as stealing the soul, the actual theft appears to be the work of the tapir and, less commonly, of other animals and spirit mothers of species. After the tapir steals the soul, it runs with it through thick underbrush and swims across rivers. The beast then gives the soul to the peccary, which travels for some time with it and then passes it on to a lesser game animal. The soul is finally transferred to the smallest species of monkey which, in turn, gives it to the largest variety of fish. It passes on to smaller fish until it finally reaches the smallest species. At this point the journey ends, and the afflicted person dies.

The person whose soul has been robbed lies in a semicoma and dreams of the trials to which his soul is exposed. The rigors of the trip are such that the person grows steadily weaker, and death may occur at almost any time during the travels of the stolen soul. If the animal with which it is traveling dies, the sick person dies also. Two parts of the journey are especially dangerous. At one point the soul passes within a stone's throw of the house of a prego monkey, which throws semen at it. If the soul is struck by only a drop of the semen, its owner dies. In another

11: Murphy E-5 (1952-1953) 1958
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796 727 554 834 had to exercise great care in her relations with others lest she look at a person who had recently had sexual relations. On days when hunting parties left for the forest she was supposed to remain in her hammock until late in the morning, for if she arose and moved about the game would run away. She was not allowed to bathe in the stream with the other women but washed her body from vessels of [515] water brought to her house. Nor was the wife of the *Dajeboiši* supposed to work; a young woman from her *iboiwatitit* was chosen to draw water and wood for her and to perform household chores. Considerable authority over the other women was exercised by the *Dajeboiši*'s wife, and she felt free to send the women of the village to work in the garden or perform whatever services she desired.

The *Dajeboiši* and his wife were, according to some informants, obliged to maintain this regimen during the more than two years between the return of the war party and the final phase of the ceremonial cycle. Others thought that the prohibitions were not continually in force during this long period, but agreed that some restrictions were observed until the conclusion of the final ritual.

796 727 With the advent of the second rainy season after the taking of the trophy head, the *Dajeboiši* again issued invitations to the people of other villages, and all reunited for feasting. This phase of the ceremony is known as *Yašegon*, or Stripping the Skin from the Head. As the name indicates, the trophy head was skinned, its ornaments were removed, and the bare skull was then hung in a corner of the men's house.

Before the head was boiled and skinned, it was thrown on the ground and a group of men called "Vultures" batted it back and forth with sticks in imitation of the vulture's practice of tossing strips of carrion with its beak. The Vultures included all the bald men of the village and certain others who were thought to be really bald, although ordinary vision showed them to have hair on their heads. Previous to these proceedings, a number of old men, all of whom had at one time taken an enemy head, took the trophy head and tapped its top. If powder or any other matter fell from it, they announced that the *Dajeboiši* had broken an obligation. This was generally interpreted by all to mean that he had had sexual relations. In such a case his status terminated and no further observances were held, since the head had lost its power. If the test proved the owner of the head had kept his faith, the ceremony could continue.

The rites held during the first two rainy seasons were simple, and activities included only the decoration of the head during the first rainy season, its skinning during the second, and feasting on both occasions. The third winter, however, was the climax of the cycle, and festivities were lengthier and much more elaborate. The final phase of the ceremony was called *Taimetorõm*, or Hanging the Teeth, for on this occasion the teeth extracted from the trophy head were strung on a woven cotton belt. These belts were not worn, but were carefully guarded in a basket kept in the warrior's house.

But the most important ritual of the third rainy season was the all-night songfest of the *Darekši*, or Mothers of the Bow. The *Darekši* was a men's society; it was by no means exclusive in membership for all adult Mundurucú males belonged to

12: Murphy E-5 (1952-1953) 1960
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is usually used, because it is navigable to a point only five 361
hours from the village. From the Cabitutú River port of 487
Cabruá which consists of a house and clearing on the river bank, the path to the village winds through a belt of gallery forest of several miles depth. After crossing a few minor streams that flow into the Cabitutú, the path emerges into an open savannah and gently climbs for about three miles until the crest of the height of land between the Cabruá and Cabitutú rivers is reached. Cabruá is at this point surrounded by a belt of underbrush and low trees that have grown from cast-off seeds and have been fertilized by human waste.

Three hundred yards away at the base of the hill on 312
which the village is built is a small stream and a strip of bordering gallery forest only two hundred yards wide. The stream rises from springs a few miles away and its waters are clear, pure, and cool. People draw their water here, wash clothes, and bathe—the Mundurucú are personally [515]
very clean and perform their ablutions at least twice daily.

The village is in open country, but large expanses of 361
deep, virgin forest are nearby. Paths radiate outward in 487
all directions from the village, leading to the stream, the port, other villages, and to the forest. The forest itself is criss-crossed with trails used for hunting; others lead to the gardens. The latter are generally no more than 45 minutes walk from the village. This is considered a rather long [482]
trip, because the women must carry their harvest in burden baskets back to the village. Land is not unlimited in 311
the environs of Cabruá; stretches of forest are subject to minor inundation in the rainy season, and large areas are sandy and horticulturally worthless savannah. The village, 361
then, must be moved at long intervals. Since contemporary [161]
Cabruá has only 67 inhabitants, there is no great pressure on land. Houses age and fall into disrepair rapidly, how-